

Home and Farm.

The Poetry and Prose of Bee-keeping.

LESSONS TO BE LEARNED.

First. That it will not do for any one with limited means and little or no experience to cut loose from everything else and engage in bee-keeping for a livelihood.

Second. That it will not do to depend upon the majority of the statements of extraordinary profits in bee-keeping, as these statements are generally made by those having some selfish object in view; some patient hive or extractor to sell, or a great desire to see their names in public print. These statements may be true but will not do to base any estimate upon as to the profits of bee-keeping.

Third. Whoever goes into bee-keeping largely without any previous experience, will be very likely to meet the poverty, experience the prose and become well acquainted with the blank verse—blank of pleasure and profit.

In order to make bee-keeping in the highest degree successful, the movable comb hive must be used; intelligently thought, otherwise it will be a disadvantage.

Fifth. Poor honey seasons are blessings in disguise; they check the tendency to an over production of honey, by which the old farmer and overstocked market is far more discouraging to the apian than a number of poor honey seasons.

Sixth. By adopting the very best system of management, and adhering to it, persevering with the Italian honey bee, poor honey seasons may generally be made to remunerate the bee-keeper; while those who who stick to the old foggy way, become discouraged and quit the business.

Seventh. Whoever takes the advice of those interested in the honey extractors, and runs the whole or the greater part of his honey through one, will be very likely to find he has an "elephant on his hands," not only in quantity, but in the use he can make of it. A frequent writer in one of our bee journals, who, when used the extractor, obtained from 25 to 30 cents per pound for his honey, now he finds he is offered but thirteen cents for it.

Eighth, and lastly, as the sermonizers say: We learn our dependence upon an over-ruling Providence, upon the great and good God for success even in bee-keeping. The flowers may blossom in rich profusion around us, but unless He gives the rain from Heaven, the necessary atmospheric influences that favor the secretion of honey, the labor of the apian is in vain. Let us, then, while taking care of our bees, humbly endeavor to know and do His will, and we shall find a due proportion of poetry with the prose of bee-keeping. L. C. F.

Shall we have the Scotch Plover? When our country was new and our fields incumbered with stumps and roots, we required a plover that could be jerked and trusted around and instantly thrown into the ground. The short handled plover with short share and mold board passed this demand. That day has passed, and with it its necessary evil. Now we have smooth lands, cleared of all incumbrances, and we want the most perfect plover. This we do not have. Our plover is often not much better than that done in Eastern Europe with crooked shafts and pointed limbs of trees, drawn by the most original of teams, in which a cow and an ass may often be seen yoked together. The form of our plover is, in some measure, responsible for this, because it gives the team a greater power over the implement than the plover man can overcome with the highly inclined handles, and its course across a field may truly be likened to that of a boat across a choppy sea.

Plovering under such circumstances cannot be otherwise than imperfect. The peculiar form of the Scotch plover, on the contrary, gives the plover complete control over it; its handle being much longer and the beam much shorter than those of our plover, while the extreme length of the share and mold board enable it to glide upon its sole with a steady motion and prevent from being easily thrown out. The gradual entry into the soil and the long sweep of the mold board render the draft to a minimum and prevent clogging, objections seriously felt in many of our plover. The result of the trial was, as might have been expected, by those conversant with the Scotch plover, decidedly in its favor, and it is certain that this implement has found its friends and advocates among those who had hitherto looked upon it with prejudice as a foreign invention. When we remember, however, that Scotch farmers have been for a century the synonym for all that is thorough-going and perfect in its way, and that steam engines, thrashing machines, and all the other things that have revolutionized the world have been introduced by them, we are not surprised that they should have been the first to introduce the Scotch plover into this country.

At the Bee Keepers' Convention, held at Kalamazoo, during the Michigan State Fair, the above question was submitted to a committee, who reported that the best hive was one with the broad chamber not exceeding twelve inches, or less than ten inches in depth, and of such a form that it contains not less than two thousand, and not to exceed two thousand five hundred cubic inches of space; and that the surplus honey space above of the same size, in order to use the same sized frames, or small honey boxes with frames, the entrance should be small in Winter, allowing of not more than two bees to pass each other at a time, and the ventilation upward to be regulated at pleasure, as no strong current of air should pass through the hive, that being highly injurious to the bees. There is no question that this is the best hive; but how much of this is patent is an unsettled question.

Fruit Farms.

Never Answer Back.

The words might be sharp, harsh, caustic, or even bitter, but she threw nothing back, but met them all with the same sweet spirit of calm endurance. She was often placed in very trying circumstances, but her self control never left her; her patient kindness remained unchanged.

When a mere child, her mother gave, as it were, the care of the entire family into her hands, and kissed her a last farewell. Tender, delicate child that she was, and yet so strong, so firm in her goings! Her father, hasty, irritable, at times unreasonable was most exacting in his requirements; but she met his various moods with patient, forgiving love.

Her brothers and sisters were passionate, fitful, and trying; but their misdeeds were never visited with sharp rebuke. She never answered back to their peevish and complaining words.

I have seen sadness come over her countenance like a heavy cloud, and large tear drops roll slowly down her fair cheeks, but no temper or flash of anger disturbed the quiet beauty of her face, no violent emphasis or unlovely accents broke the melody of her sweet voice. I have seen her slowly sweep the room to avoid a conflict, and once through a misunderstanding she received a painfully upbraiding letter, she stole softly to her chamber, and afterwards she told me that she had turned to God to get right feelings quickly.

One day she was telling me of a particular trial with one of the wayward children, and I asked, "Well, what did you say?" She answered: "Oh, nothing. I kept still. You know it does not better things to answer back." "But what did you do?" I again asked. "I just waited patiently as I could until she got over it."

"Keep still!" How wise, how heroic, how beautiful to keep still and let the hour in silence pass, and the passion words! "Just waited!" How admirable the grace of patience, to wait until the furious storm of anger is over, and never increase it by the utterance of a single word!

How sweet to see little children turn silently away from the contention and how beautiful for young people to abstain from answering back!—Meth. Recorder.

Wintering Bees.

Mr. J. W. Hosmer, of Janesville, Wisconsin, gives the following as his method: To prepare for wintering, take your strong swarms, as soon as the great honey harvest is over, and divide them into as many swarms as possible and have each contain one quart of working bees. Give each hive a queen, and let them stand until cold weather comes. Then examine, and see that each swarm has at least ten pounds of honey, and if there is not a quart of bees, take of the frames and gently shake off the youngest. Then set them into the cellar where it is perfectly dark, and so warm that it will not freeze. Close all under ventilation and if the American frames are used, leave all the mortises between the top open; at all events, give them all vent at the top of the hive. Now you have put them to bed for the long winter of winter. Do not disturb them from peaceful slumbers by going into their hives with a light. If you have not a cellar prepare them as described, with a bottom closed and top open, and nest them in a dry place close together. Lay sticks or boards slanting towards the ground, then cover them with straw one foot deep over place dirt to the thickness of six inches, and smooth it down, letting it freeze. Lastly, cover it with a litter to keep the frost in, and the work is done.

Total Depravity.

Men do not like the term total depravity. But you might as well expect to find a man born a hundred years old, as to expect to find a man born without a depraved nature. When you shall find a child knowing all arithmetic at one year old, an universal historian at one year old, an athlete at one year old, full of all temporal wisdom at one year old, then, and not before, will you find another child that is born into this world expert in all virtues, in all truth, in all moral purity, in all upward tendencies. The fact is, men are born at the lowest point of the scale, and work their way up through cycles of inexperience and mistakes and transgressions to the highest point. And it is not a slander to say that men are depraved, unless it be a slander to say that this is the method of the divine creation, or that this is the way that the world is organized.

Gone Out Forever.

Like drooping, dying stars, our dear loved ones go away from our sight—the stars of hope, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shines before us, their place is empty, cold and dark. A mother's steady, soft and earnest light that beamed through wants and earnest sorrow; a father's strong, quick light that kept our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light, so mild, so pure, so constant and so firm shining upon us, from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading goodness; a brother's light, forever sleeping in our souls, and illuminating our goings and comings; a friend's light, true and trusty—gone forever? No! The light has not gone out. It is shining above the stars, where there is no night and no darkness for ever and ever.

Taxes for 1872.

To the Tax-Payers of Hancock County, Ohio:

In compliance with the requirements of law prescribing the duties of County Treasurer, I, BENJAMIN HUBER, Treasurer of Hancock County, Ohio, do hereby notify the Tax-payers thereof, that the rates of taxation for the year 1872 are correctly stated in the following table, showing the number of mills levied on each dollar's valuation, of taxable property for the various purposes of taxation in the several townships and incorporated Villages of the County:

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6th. *Reverence.*

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